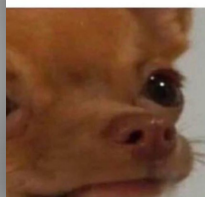




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# Help



angst

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## Chapter 1 by Dove Moon

I can hardly breathe. My lungs feel like their caving in on me. Someone please help. The ground that I'm laying on is so cold and hard, it does nothing for my current condition but make it worse.

My chest heaves as I once again cough, spewing blood onto my already dirty and blood-soaked shirt.

I finally decide that resting should be best, maybe when I wake up someone would have noticed me and at the very least, killed me to put me out of my misery.

Just as I let my eyes dip closed, I hear yelling. Let them yell, nothing is going to stop me from falling into a painless slumber.

I feel a hand on my neck, not choking me, but rather checking for something.

"He's still alive! Call 9-1-1!" I hear someone next to me yell. Their voice is so loud, it hurts. I cringe away from the noise.

The person notices my movement. See more of Story Wars [ask in a quieter tone.](#)

I open my eyes to glare at [more than a silhouette,](#)  
but they seem to be female if I'm to go by their voice.

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"Oh good! I need you to stay awake for me, can you do that?" They asked softly.

At least they weren't touching me anymore.

I let my mind wander back to how I ended up in this position in the first place...

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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